

Toc H Journal



SEPTEMBER 1966

one shilling

Notice Board

Thanks A Lot!

The Family Stall Committee thanks all the members and friends, men and women, who made or collected all the goods that were sent in for the Toc H stall at the Westminster Abbey Market and Fair. And thanks also to all the volunteer sorters and sellers and the Marksmen who erected the stall. Altogether it was a tremendous effort! See p. 286.

Lovesome Things, God Wot.

Keen gardeners should turn to cover page 3, 'small ads', for details of the excellent bulbs and roses they can buy, to their own benefit and that of the Family Purse.

CHRISTMAS CARDS AND DIARIES

See inside for details of this year's Toc H Christmas Cards and the 1967 Diary. To avoid our disappointment and yours, please order as soon as possible, using the order form provided.

"VISTA"

puts Toc H properly in the picture. This handsome survey of Toc H over the years includes fifty photographs, ten of them in colour. Every member should be proud to have a copy. From Area staff and Toc H Publications Dept., 15 Trinity Square, London, E.C.3. Price 4s. 6d., postage 6d. extra.

Central African Visit of the "D. E. Team"

Just to remind Branches that the colour slides and taped commentary, plus script, of last year's Jubilee Team visit to Rhodesia and Zambia may now be borrowed on application to the Overseas Secretary at Headquarters. As shown to the Central Council!

Forty-fourth year of Publication



TOC H JOURNAL

*Letters and articles are welcomed and are printed as individual points of view
and are not necessarily those of the Movement*

September 1966

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COVER PICTURE: The scene at the Westminster Abbey Market and Fair in Dean's Yard, with the Victoria Tower of the Houses of Parliament in the background.

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INTO THE POOL

RECENTLY WE HEARD OF A clergyman describing Toc H as "that presumptuous society" because of the opening line of our prayer, "O God who hast so wonderfully made Toc H".

Wonderfully Made

It is surprising that one who is surely familiar with the Psalms should so miss the point. When the psalmist says "I am fearfully and wonderfully made" he is not saying that he is a wonderful fellow, but that it is amazing the way God has put him together. If our prayer were suggesting that we were a wonderful lot it would be the height of conceit, but it is not doing anything of the sort. Surely it is giving to God the glory that, by a series of wonderful happenings, he brought our Society, despite all its human failings, into being.

AT THE END of June there came into the hands of every Branch Chairman a letter from our Vice-Patron the Hon. ANGUS OGILVY, and the importance of its contents would be hard to

Welcome Initiative

exaggerate. As he says, Jubilee Year is over and now is a good time to take stock and to see how the undoubted initiative and imagination now strongly evident in some parts of the Movement may become more widely shared. "To put it bluntly, many Branches are not pulling their weight". He has suggestions of how Toc H may be able to do something constructive for everybody of all ages, such as, for example, the young people in search of a purpose for life; the immigrants seeking to become part of local life; and the lonely, lacking any sense of contact with people round about them. Toc H, he says, has boundless opportunities here, and should learn how to commend itself in present terms to people of the

present day. Then they may join with us and make our work that much the more effective. But the letter is not just an exhortation; that alone might soon evaporate. Branch Chairmen are to convey their ideas and intentions to their Area Chairmen so that early in the New Year the Vice-Patron will be able to call one or two Conferences of the Area Chairmen to consolidate and to keep things moving.

CONSIDERING THE THOUSANDS of camera-owning members we must have, our central photographic archives are astonishingly short of good indoor photographs of Branches in the

In the Picture

course of their ordinary activities. Well composed, natural photographs in black and white of a lively-looking Branch meeting, Branch Executive, or even washing-up, would be most welcome. But they must be sharp, full of visual appeal, with no-one looking at the camera! Easier said than done, as our empty files can prove. A good picture needs careful composing, and it is of course possible to have good black and white prints made from a good colour slide.

WHEN FRANK FIELD came home last autumn at the end of his spell of refugee resettlement work in Bengal and Assam he looked as though he could do with a rest and a spot of home

Field Service!

cooking. After six months of both, and three stone the heavier in consequence, he flew off again in June for another World Council of Churches assignment. This time he is in Ethiopia on a quick survey to see what is needed to augment the work already being done by the United Presbyterian Church of the U.S.A. to help the 15,000 refugees from the Sudan who are now in the swamp country on Ethiopia's southern border. We hope one day to report his story.

WITH A NAME LIKE OURS, we are thoroughly accustomed to getting odd kinds of letters, some of them very oddly addressed, but recently we were a bit flummoxed when we

Brick Dropped

received an official letter under the Industrial Training Act of 1964, which provides for levies on employers in the construction industry. Tactful telephone enquiries with someone in the Department concerned, who was just as mystified, produced no ready answer as to why we should suddenly be classified in the construction industry. Then suddenly the penny dropped: some official up there must have heard of Toc H Builders! And that, we agreed, was the most probable explanation.

A Gardin With A Rois Tree

JOY MELVILLE

Reprinted by kind permission of PUNCH

"If you had one wish for your part of Hackney what would it be? We want to discover the real needs of your district. Please complete the form at the foot of this letter and hand it to us when we call."—Toc H Questionnaire.

"No, I HAVEN'T filled in the form," said one housewife we called on, her children peeping out from behind her like baby chickens. "There's nothing you can do for a dump like Hackney." Her neighbours had empty forms for opposite reasons: ("Can't think of any improvement. I'm quite happy. . .") "I've lived here thirty-six years and I'm not complaining. . .") and most of the coloured people had ignored them in the fear it was some kind of official trick to get them out of the country. A young African girl giggled nervously over hers, looking over her shoulder at her husband who was scowling through a glass panel in the bedroom. The children were quicker off the mark. One large-eyed Cypriot boy translated our request to his uncomprehending mother. "She wishes," he told us gravely, "for a bike."

The stream of thought that came from other children of seven to nine, who filled in the forms at school, showed they too had themselves, rather than Hackney, in mind: "My wish is that all the schools in Hackney got knocked down . . . to see God and Jeusus . . . to have a flit arand the world . . . more swing parks for little chilen . . . for a brown furry hampster . . . that I lived in a house far away . . . to be a wife to my boyfrend . . . to go out to the museum with Miss swain this year because she is good and kind . . . for a party dress . . . no beople live in old houses . . . that my brother leg will get better . . . a

gardin with a rois tree . . . for dog birds . . . to go to Canda . . ." And, from a deserted child, " my wish is I saw my mother."

The nine to eleven year olds showed more concern for others. Some of the pensioners might not appreciate the suggestions made ("If I had one wish I wood wont Hacked to be modnni and thes are some of the thing I wood hav dand All wast gand for ale peppall . . .") but most would be surprised by the preoccupation with "retirded" people. ("The one wish I would like to do is to help the poor people and help the old pepole and I would go shoping for them and I would help to mack there house nice for wehn the vicker came I would mack her a diner and tea and I would by her a cross for wehn the vicer came.") Many kids wanted some sort of Utopian centre where all the elderly people, and the stray cats and dogs, could eat and sleep for ever. There were sighs for houses by the sea, free swimming pools, larger flats and more swings. Money was a conscious worry ("If I had one wish I was in Jayl I would wish that the rent would go down and the money on busis and tranes would go down to"), and so was violence, ("My wish is that ther would not be violence and robberies in hackney because I get scared when I play and when I go to Bed and so many people get hurt." "My wish is something for people to do so that some of this vandilism might stop." "If I had my last wish I would wish for more Parks to play in with flars, you have a few swings and the next day they are all broken, if they put some more swings up and parks in, it wouldn't be so bad." "My wish is why are spending their money on sending rockets and thing to the moon and making bombs why not spend more money on helping ill people." Only one of the children was astute enough to wish for three wishes.

The adults who filled in the forms (about five hundred were received out of about 3,000 plus sent out) mostly wanted more houses, bathrooms, pedestrian crossings, police, kindergartens, youth and social clubs. Those in

flats wanted houses. One woman said the man below knocked on the floor if she so much as ironed; another that she got tired bringing the coal up. A man wanted £300,000 by the coming weekend to buy a house in Sharon Gardens. Sharon Gardens? The street next to his own.

A few of the replies were more unexpected. "Could we have more ladies' toilets, clearly marked," said one, and another asked "for help to give to an old man who for some considerable time now as I can observe has been hanging around the Town Hall, and is always in the telephone kiosk beside the town hall. He is always dirty and his appearance rough and seems a shame to allow old people to pass their last days in such a way." Several women asked for cervical cancer test centres to be put up ("took me three months to screw up my courage and then I couldn't get one"): and one, and one only, that neighbours should improve race relations. Integration is marking slow time in Hackney.

Youth clubs didn't get all the votes: "We need a social club for the elderly, *not* all religious where they speak and you pray. Prefer Bethnal Green," came from one pensioner; another wanted "Clubs for the old—wish there was one nearby—used to be but it closed up. Wish I were ten years younger." Many wrote in this confiding fashion. "I wish for some good luck," said one, "Husband knocked down and hurt when crossing nearby sideroad. Gave me a bad shock too." A note on a further form read, "Better housing (used to live with Toc H man in Swaffham, Norfolk, when young)".

When replies to this survey have been collated, Toc H are sending them to the local council to see if any of the suggestions can be implemented. If it is not possible to grant a glimpse of God and Jesus, perhaps—as one citizen suggested—the mayor could be persuaded to leave that flower-garlanded town hall and stand on such-and-such a street in the rush hour to see for himself the need for a crossing.

All Handicaps Overcome

BILL BAINS

The Jobmaster of Sunderland Branch tells how they started a Club for Handicapped Children.

JUBILEE YEAR was upon us and our Branch wished to commemorate it by establishing in our town a club for handicapped children. We had had some previous experience as five years before we had promoted a committee and club for handicapped adults. This is now so popular that it has had to split up into three clubs meeting in Community Centres in different parts of the town.

Our first job was to canvass support for the idea, so we proceeded to find out the facts and wrote to the Health Department to see how many handicapped children there were between seven and sixteen. It appeared there was a floating population of 150 with a hard core of 80, many of whom were being taught at home. The School Medical Officer wanted to know what we envisaged that the Club should do and we then realised that we had no idea how to run a club of this type or what activities ought to be provided.

I met the School Medical Officer and another doctor and outlined that what we had in mind was a social club and not an extended version of the Handicapped Children's School. We would provide various kinds of entertainment and the kind of games the children could play without distress. We would be guided to some extent by the children themselves. Qualified people would be present to cope where necessary and transport to and from home would be available.

The doctors gave me an imposing and most unpronounceable list of the handicaps from which the children attending the club might be suffering and it has since

proved to be correct. They include heart-bronchitis, asthma, debility, epilepsy, spastic, post-polio, Perthe's disease, scolioses and muscular dystrophy, to name but a few. After a meeting of nearly two hours they gave us their blessing, whilst stressing the fact that the Health Department could play no official part in the Club.

Phase Two

Then came the canvassing for support, and first a note in the *Sunderland Echo*. Next a letter to some seventy-six voluntary organisations and to local churches outlining the project and asking for support at a public meeting at which a Committee for running the Club would be set up. It was agreed to hold the meeting in the Reception Room of the Town Hall with the Mayor as Chairman, and Mrs. E. M. Caldwell, a former Headmistress of The Percy Hedley School for Spastics, Newcastle, very kindly agreed to travel the fifty miles from her home to speak on "The Needs of the Handicapped Child". We felt there should be others to support her who would be qualified to answer the questions that might be asked. We therefore sent invitations to the following, all of which were accepted: the Children's Hospital, the Education Department (Welfare), the Youth Officer and the School Medical Officer of the Health Department. Press notices and letters to the Editor were sent and finally the great day arrived.

When the Mayor opened the meeting some fifteen minutes later than advertised, apart from Sunderland Branch members only twelve people turned up. But Mrs. Caldwell was wonderful, and had there been a thousand people present they would not have been disappointed. There was yet another disaster to follow. After the sparse applause at the end of Mrs. Caldwell's speech came question time. Of questions there were not a few but alas every one had to be answered by the Toc H representative as not a single member of the panel, apart from the Mayor and Mrs. Caldwell, wished to say a word! It was a great relief when the meeting came to an end.

However, on the steps of the Town Hall the idea was given new life by two ladies who came up to the Toc H representative and urged that the Branch should forge ahead and call another meeting.

This meant starting almost from scratch. Again we canvassed and again we advertised — but with one subtle difference—the meeting was held in the Toc H Branch rooms; and from those present at that meeting a Committee of twelve was formed.



Mr. Richard Reed talks to some of the children.

Phase Three

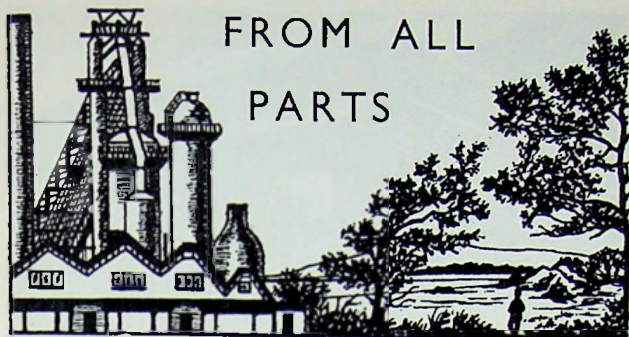
Finding a place for our meetings was the first problem, for the only money we had towards the rent was five pounds donated by Toc H. We appealed in the Press for premises and were offered an Army type hut by the town's Play Leadership Organiser for Parks and Open Spaces, and a modern Community Centre by the Red House Estate Community Centre. We chose the latter and

decided to meet on alternate Fridays between six and nine p.m. Now all we needed was the children. We were warned not to expect a flood in response and in fact we got twenty out of the possible hundred and fifty. Very prudently we decided to have four meetings of the Club before its official opening, some seven months after the scheme was first thought of. We invited the town's leading solicitor, Mr. Richard Reed, himself physically handicapped, to perform the official opening.

We have just held our first annual meeting and although the Club is not yet exactly flourishing it is heading that way. We are organising our first bus outing to Hexham and I leave you to guess the members of which Branch of which organisation are acting as our hosts.



Our warm congratulations go to H.R.H. Princess Alexandra and her husband on the birth of their daughter. Here Mr. Ogilvy is seen presenting a trophy to Brian McLoughlin of Prideaux House at the London Sports Meeting on June 4.



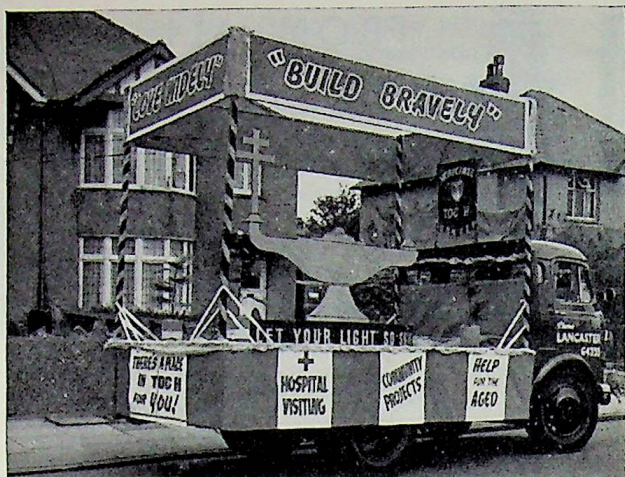
AREA NEWS

WEST MIDLANDS

There are of course some annual events in the Area to which one looks forward perhaps more keenly than others. There is the eager anticipation of yet another group of Winants and the discovery that this year's crew is even better than the last. There are the annual outings for the blind, the deaf and dumb, the handicapped, the aged, with growing co-operation between units in the extremes of the Area, and between Districts. There are the Area Weekends at Dor Knap, some now shared with other Areas, and each now facing the problem of trying to fit twice as many requests for places into the number of beds available.

One of the highlights for the past two years has been that organised by Jean and Ted Tunnadine, who have made their modest garden available for a Party, inviting neighbouring units to hold the usual run of stalls and sideshows and raise money for the Family Purses. This year's profit of £90 was cheering in itself, but the key to the afternoon is that the majority of the 200-plus attending are non-members, invited personally by Jean and Ted. We do not know yet whether any potential members came out of the afternoon, but we do know that many, meeting Toc H for the first time, were moved to remark on the warm, friendly atmosphere, the "value for money" given, the sense of fun and of people enjoying themselves that prevailed. They had seen Toc H at its best, and as one person remarked, "If this is Toc H it must be a good thing".

GEORGE LEE



This float entered by Morecambe Branch in the local Carnival Parade attracted a good deal of interest.

LINCOLNSHIRE

The smallest District in the Area has to report that at the time when the West Indies were engaged in their struggle with England at Lords two teams, Bosron group and WEST PINCHBECK Branch, were fighting it out at Boston. After a frantic rush around the town in search of equipment and playing gear Boston were put in to bat. Seventy-four runs later West Pinchbeck started to take their revenge and officially finished the game with six wickets intact. Those who had not had a term at the wicket were then allowed to bat and the rules were bent and twisted to suit the occasion. When bad light (and rain) had brought the proceedings to an end more runs were added but not recorded, and with the aid of the umpire and with about twenty-odd men in the out-field, everyone had been bowled, caught, stumped or otherwise laid low.

On the following Sunday we had a District Training Day—the District consisting of WEST PINCHBECK and QUADRING

Branches and BOSTON group. It started with the initiation of two young members into West Pinchbeck Branch and ended with a Service of Rededication.

JOHN ORANGE

DOR KNAP

On Whit-Monday five hundred people came to Dor Knap for its Open Day, from South Wales, from Derby, from Cheltenham and Kidderminster, eating their picnic lunch in glorious sunshine, watching the Morris Dancers on the terrace (and themselves dancing too) up on the Knap with the glorious Vale of Evesham below and the Malvern Hills in the far distance. In residence were the Wessex Pioneers with their leader, Ralph Longman, and what sterling work they did, getting the grounds into shape, serving refreshments, entertaining—here, there and everywhere, backed up by the 1st Cheadle Hulme Scouts from their nearby camp and other grand supporters. What a day, and what a contrast when the last guest had left and we settled down to a quiet cup of tea!

TOMMY TRINDER

EAST MIDLANDS

PETERBOROUGH District rallied its forces on June 2 when a bevy of fifty cars bore down on the homes of over a hundred handicapped folk—the oldest ninety-seven—and drove them to Exton Park, Rutland, where they were welcomed by the Earl and Countess of Gainsborough. Wheelchairs went by furniture van. Fifty other helpers, including some from Oakham School, took part. The well-kept lawns were dotted with little groups, admiring the scenery and chatting to friends, now and then retreating to the marquee (erected in case it rained) to shelter from the brilliant sunshine! After a distribution of chocolates the fleet of cars (and the furniture van) set out on the return journey—a different route this time so that one and all might enjoy the lovely summer evening.

GEORGE E. DIXON

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Photographs in this issue are by courtesy of the following :—*The Sunderland Echo* (271); Noel Wolstenholme (274); Tony Norman (296).

State of the Nation

IV — Pull-Up for Car Men

'GEARBOX'

I WONDER if the Frenchman C. J. Cugnot realised just what he was doing when he produced the first self-moving steam-operated road carriage way back in 1769—truly the birth of a giant! In the early days of the motor industry in this country it suffered many restrictive laws and it is considered by many authorities that these laws discouraged British inventors and retarded development of the industry.

In spite of these early difficulties, however, the British motor industry has grown and flourished and today is very much big business. In 1965 nearly $1\frac{3}{4}$ million cars were produced, of which over one-third, worth £250 million, were exported. The reader will be bored with a series of figures, impressive though they may be; suffice to say that the total value of all exports—cars, commercial vehicles, tractors and accessories—amounted to no less than £748 million.

On Clydeside, Merseyside and in South Wales, where the decline of shipbuilding, coalmining and other local industries has created a vast labour problem, huge new motor plants have given new hope and a brighter future to thousands of families. The motor industry's incursion into these areas, far from the traditional centres of the Midlands, Dagenham and Luton, was a direct result of the Local Employment Acts of 1960 and 1963, designed to encourage industry, by means of financial and other assistance, to go where unemployment has been high and persistent.

Well-paid factory jobs for 40,000 workers, directly employed, a wider demand for labour in general, livelier trade in local banks and shops: these are the signs of prosperity and security that the motor industry has brought to three of Britain's areas of highest unemployment.

The total labour force, directly employed in the motor industry, i.e. those who actually produce the vehicles, amounts to over half a million workers. This represents only a small fraction of those indirectly employed—making and processing steel and aluminium, selling and servicing the vehicles, selling and distributing petrol and oils, making roads and bridges. And, of course, we must not forget (as if we are ever likely!) the hordes of civil servants engaged in collecting the intolerable taxes the motorist has to bear. (Sorry, a bit of bias seems to have crept in!) It is probably no exaggeration to say that fully half the working population of Britain is engaged, either directly or indirectly, in the motor industry.

It must be obvious that an industry which continues to earn an ever-increasing share of overseas currency and is already the country's leading exporter must truly represent the "state of the nation".

What, then, is the industry doing to safeguard its own future, and that of the nation? Obviously the greatest threat is keen competition from overseas manufacturers — all anxious to satisfy the ever-increasing demand.

Small units with old-fashioned ideas cannot hope to compete with the great foreign combines, so the only solution was to reduce the number of small units and merge them into larger, more efficient and more economical units. This has happened with the British Motor Corporation and others and the process must continue however much it might be regretted. Additionally vast sums of money were and are being invested in forward-thinking projects of modernisation and automation.

To this point it would seem the motor industry is looking ahead with confidence in the future and that all is

well, but it would be wise to look at the other side of the story. All must agree that the average British workman does not work as hard as his foreign counterpart, but this is not specific to the motor industry. Examination of the attendance figures at mid-week football matches, and at Ascot, will reveal that all are equally guilty in this respect and brings to mind a saying which says something about casting the first stone.

After the Second World War, when the industry was striving to meet the demands of a car-starved populace, the demand for workers was intense and as a result very high wages were offered for relatively unskilled operations: as a result the car worker enjoys a higher standard of living than most, but is this altogether a bad thing? It has certainly raised the standard of living for other workers and created, perhaps falsely, an aura of well-being—"you've never had it so good".

Automation and the track conveyor system of assembly tends to make slaves of those workers so engaged and who would covet the £30 a week a man may get for fixing four wheel-nuts to a car, surely a soul-destroying job? Small wonder, too, that the standard of workmanship has declined to a low ebb: "Why should I worry, there are always the rectification boys and I must ensure they have a job to do!", seems to be the maxim. In any case the customer can always take his car back under guarantee!

The continued expansion of the motor industry is so vital to the country that it appears to be the main target for political agitators who by instigating innumerable wild-cat strikes hope to bring the industry (and the country) to its knees. However, the strike situation is often exploited by the sensational press, and even the more moderates, and we tend to get a distorted picture. The time lost due to unofficial strikes is minimal. Where strikes are concerned the unions seem to have no control.

The management of the industry is not entirely blameless: there appears to be a singular lack of communica-

tion from them to the unions and the workers and this leads to many misunderstandings. Delay in settling claims for increased wages and better conditions causes unnecessary frictions.

It has been suggested that inter-union rivalries and jealousies are often the cause of these wild-cat strikes. Has the time come to consider the remote possibility of amalgamating all the 14 various unions concerned with the car industry into one gigantic "Car Workers' Union"? Or would this be considered an even bigger stick with which to beat the employers? Has the time come to subject the unions or the "Car Workers' Union" to the same code of conduct and discipline as that expected of the Employers' Federation? Or conversely, have the unions become so big and powerful that steps must be taken by the Government (as has happened with the Teamsters' Union in the United States) to limit their power?

What, then, does the future hold? Are the workers seeking to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs, with their constant demands for wage increases without corresponding increases in production, with wild-cat strikes over the most trivial matters, with continued deterioration of quality, with their "I'm all right, Jack" attitude? Are the managements complacent and lacking in courage, living only for today? These are the questions that must be answered, and on these answers "the state of the nation" depends.

WORLD CHAIN OF LIGHT

This year the Chain will begin at 9 p.m. on December 11 in Canberra, and will be observed by Branches westward of there at 9 p.m. local time on the same date, including the British Isles. Only Branches *between* New Zealand and Canberra observe it at 9 p.m. on December 12. Now is the time for Branches to begin exchanging letters and tape-recorded greetings.

Elder Brethren

we will remember them

Boote—On July 6, Harold Leslie Boote, aged 66, a founder member of Dudley Branch. Elected 1933.

Boundy—On June 3, Reginald John Boundy, aged 51, of Totnes Branch. Elected 1945.

Collings—On June 21, Albert William Collings, aged 62, a founder member of Uphill Branch. Elected 1948.

Coward—On June 4, William G. Coward, of former West Hartlepool Branch. Elected 1933.

Finnis—On June 5, Sydney F. Finnis, aged 83, of Enfield Branch. Elected 1929.

George—On June 27, Herbert E. George, aged 73, of Stonehouse Branch. Elected 1965.

Harper—On June 26, the Rev. Henry George Harper, aged 79, of North Baddesley Branch, formerly of Canada. Elected 1963.

Hedley—On June 16, E. B. Hedley, aged 68, of Whitley Bay Branch. Elected 1960.

Higgins—On July 3, Thomas Twistington Higgins, O.B.E., F.R.C.S., a Central General member. Elected 1923.

Holland—On June 9, Bishop Herbert St. Barbe Holland, aged 84, of Norwich Branch, formerly of Wellington, N.Z. Elected 1925.

Jones—On June 16, Jenkin David Jones, aged 77, of Welshpool Branch. Elected 1944.

Martin—On June 12, Roland C. Martin, aged 54, of Maidenhead Branch. Elected 1931.

May—On June 4, Albert B. G. May, aged 68, an East Anglian Area member, formerly of Beccles Branch. Elected 1958.

Morris—On May 29, John Morris, aged 72, of Falmouth Branch. Elected 1943.

Motley—On June 28, Edward J. C. Motley, aged 94, a Sussex Area member. Elected 1925.

Oke-Smith—On May 20, Reginald Francis Oke-Smith, aged 76, of Stroud Branch. Elected 1928.

Platt—On June 4, Ernest Frederick McCrone C. Platt, aged 88, a Southern Area member. Elected 1925.

Roberts—On May 8, John Howard Roberts, aged 35, of Melton Mowbray Branch. Elected 1961.

Snuggs—On May 30, Leonard James Snuggs, aged 67, of Beckley Branch. Elected 1961.

Talbot—On June 5, Arthur Charles Talbot, aged 74, of Newtown Branch. Elected 1963.

Talbott—On May 28, Charles Steward Talbott, of Netheravon Branch. Elected 1942.

Waller—On July 10, Sydney Waller, aged 70, an East Anglia Area member, formerly of Norwich Branch. Elected 1930.

Wheeler—On May 27, Isaac William Wheeler, aged 46, of Purton Branch. Elected 1953.

Winser—On May 16, the Rev. Arthur A. P. Winser, formerly of Shrewsbury Branch. Elected 1928.

In Memoriam

THOMAS TWISTINGTON HIGGINS

A friendship with Tubby that began in the 16th General Hospital in France in 1915 continued in London when the war was over. A distinguished surgeon in Harley Street, ending up as a surgeon of international repute at the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Children, "T" was always ready in quiet ways to help Toc H members and others commended to our care.

His daughter Elizabeth, herself bedridden with polio, has designed some of the Toc H/Women's Association Christmas Cards, and appropriately it was another of her designs which was chosen for this coming Christmas.

SHELDON HOUSE FOR GIRLS

Motherly Warden required for teenage Girls' Home in outskirts of Birmingham. Commencing salary £630, with residential emoluments. 5 weeks holiday in the year. Suitable post for married couple.

Assistant Warden required for the above. Salary £350-£450 according to experience. Residential emoluments, 3 weeks holiday in the year. Apply in writing to: Mrs. M. Berry, High Tor, 28 Vicarage Road, Penn, Wolverhampton.

Thanks for the Memory

ANNE PHILLIPS

MY FIRST CONTACT with Toc H and its interesting helpful personalities came near the beginning of the Second World War when I was asked to help in one of the many canteens that were being opened in various parts of the country. Ours was in a rambling old house in the centre of a big industrial city in the Midlands. The first floor was given over to social activities; on the third floor was the Upper Room; the second floor was our domain.

Canteen facilities as such were inadequate; there was a small but well-equipped kitchen and a somewhat larger dining room that was inevitably crowded with men, greatcoats and kitbags. There was hardly room to breathe, but what fun we had, especially on Sundays. The pilot of our shift was a Quaker who organised us and everything else with quiet, calm efficiency. We had only to look at his serene face when things were hectic, as they often were, and all was well again.

The cooking was done in very confined quarters; trays were prepared and carried out into the crowded dining room. We waded through a mass of hungry men with our over-loaded trays, fell over the kitbags and greatcoats, but we got there nevertheless, triumphant and somewhat flustered. I was the Salad Maker on my shift, and eventually became a mass-producer of these delicacies. Fifty in a row was nothing to me, and the process became as automatic as getting up in the morning.

What a wealth of interesting characters we met! They live in my memory still, and always will. There was the fascinating doctor from Prague who had had to run before the Nazi invasion, leaving his parents behind. He didn't know where they were, or if he would see them again. Reg, the Yorkshire tyke, often came as a visitor to my

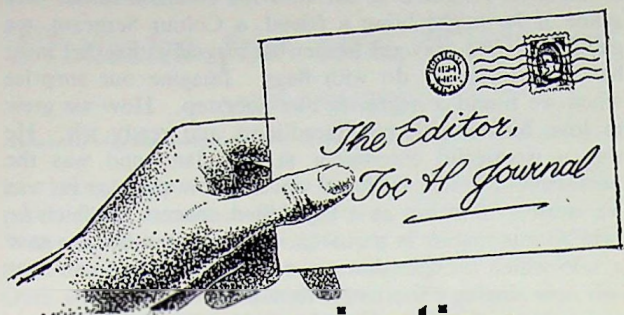
home, and delighted us all with his common-sense. He asked if he might bring a friend, a Colour Sergeant, we gathered. We thought somewhat vaguely that he must have something to do with flags. Imagine our surprise when we found a negro on our doorstep. How we grew to love Simon with his friendliness and ready wit. He was a wonderful entertainer at the piano and was the possessor of a rich baritone voice. How popular he was we were to find out at a big Allied concert in which he said he was singing in a quartet. He was; but he also gave a solo which brought down a crowded house. I can hear him now singing "Shortenin' Bread".

Many other people come to mind as I recall those canteen days: Dennis, an ex-Serviceman with his uncertain attitude to life brought about through war service; Mr. X, who liked neat tea; Gwen, in charge of the kitchen, a veritable Martha cumbered with much serving, but a good sort nevertheless; Mabel, a bit of a wag, who kept us in fits of laughter when the going was hard.

After the closure of the canteen I joined the Toc H Visiting scheme. I visited (and still do) a housebound invalid who looks forward to my going with much eagerness. Such little things delight her.

Other memories crowd in of outings to various centres arranged by the Branch to which I now belong, squads of cars taking senior citizens and sick people for a ride through pleasant countryside before bringing them back to a beautifully decorated hall for tea and entertainment. Visions of "S", our Pilot, so good at organisation, never allowing himself the chance to relax in his untiring efforts for others; "H" from Vienna, radiating all the gaiety of that charmer of cities; "J", a young Scot with a very moving power of prayer. Wonderful people all of them, and many others I could mention if permitted.

I owe much to them for they show so steadfastly and unobtrusively the sterling qualities that are so needed in these troubled days. So it is with a proud and grateful heart that I say: "Thanks for the Memory".



...communication...

"The Great Divorce"

WAS IT a touch of the co-incidental or right planning that the thundering good article by John Callf should be followed by Derrick Brown's account of Toc H winning a cup? Better to assimilate John's article it would be interesting to know if Derrick's rugby 'seven-a-side' team was a Toc H team or one sponsored by them. If the former, then hats off to a Branch with enough active members to form a team, even with so few members as seven; if the latter, then hats off and three cheers, because that's a Branch which is doing something, and won't die or be a party to a "Great Divorce".

The real tragedy lies in those Branches—and there are many—who write up their 'activities' in the Weeklies, the 'activities' ranging from a talk on the lesser spotted butterfly (now unhappily extinct!) to a discussion on "How can we

help at the local Agricultural Show?" (with emphasis on "How can"!). One could but hope that Branches which expend such effort in these ways would at least keep quiet about it. I am a General Member. Can you wonder! The ideals and aims of Toc H are right for today and every day; it's the methods that make me rather sad.

LLOYD T. WHITE
Norwich.

[Derrick Brown writes: "Toc H (Manchester) R.F.C. is not a Branch in its own right, and club members do not have to be members of Toc H. A number of officials are Toc H members, and the Secretary, Wilf Lord, a Vice-President of Toc H.

The club fields four XVs and a Colts XV every Saturday throughout the season, and is run in the spirit of Toc H, where from Mark IV it had its foundation by Marksmen in 1921."—Ed.]

Rhodesia

I HASTEN to send my congratulations for the two excellent and honest reports on Rhodesia. This is a breakthrough in reporting because we have yet to witness such reporting in our daily press. Keep up the good work in assisting readers to learn the facts from all sides.

ERIC ASHCROFT

Maidenhead.

"State of the Nation"

I VERY MUCH enjoyed reading "The State of the Nation" reprinted from *The Times*. Splendid idea to put it in the JOURNAL.

Maybe Toc H can bring some sense into us all. If only we would all do with a little less, and work a bit harder, things would soon improve. I remember dear Tubby saying when we returned from the first World War that it would be harder to live for England than it had been to die for her. There is little doubt that many soon found this to be all too true. Surely now, with such splendid conditions and a welfare state, we could all make do with a little less to put our beloved England back on her feet.

VIC MARTIN

*Warden Point,
Eastchurch.*

HAVING READ this small lively JOURNAL avidly, as usual, I state that I'd like to see the June article by 'Chopsticks' on the front page of our national papers, every one of them.

J. S. BROWN

*Dormansland,
Surrey.*

Specially drawn for the RNLI by Eric Fraser FSIA



When the wind howls and the life-boatmen leave their firesides, you need not feel left at home. If you have sent a donation, you will be there helping too. In the tradition of this voluntary service—your contributions are its sole support.

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RNLI

A Fair Knock-Out

THE EDITOR

WHEN AT THE BEGINNING of the year our appeal went out to all the men's and women's Branches to send in stuff for sale on the Toc H stall at the Westminster Abbey Fair on July 19-23 we couldn't help hoping that the response would be sufficiently good for us to hold up our heads in comparison with the many other societies who would also be in the market.

How great an under-estimation that turned out to be! Even weeks beforehand we had changed from wondering if we could get enough goods to speculations on our chances of borrowing Selfridges for a week to sell off the surplus. The stuff came pouring in and soon some of the rooms at Headquarters became canyons of crates and cartons as Jean Perry and her crew of helpers sat in the midst, sorting and pricing. If not all who made gifts were sent our acknowledgment and thanks we do so now; the response was literally overwhelming.

We had asked for examples of local products. We got Cheshire and Stilton cheeses (which sold out quickly, praise be!); Cornish cream; Eccles cakes; Dorset knobs; Luton straw boaters; lumps of the white cliffs of Dover; Poperinge lace; Grantham gingerbread; and even a consignment of Grimsby kippers. We wondered if the Toc H stall would remain in good odour. Jams, marvellous knitted wear, second-hand articles, woodwork, wrought iron work, it all came rolling in. A pair of Sevres vases gave us a bad attack of butterfingers and we chuckled over a consignment of peppermint rock with the name Toc H lettered right through.

Overseas members were grand, and some of them over here on holiday were a welcome reinforcement to our

volunteer force. Silks and sandalwood came from India; a boomerang (non-returnable) and apples and honey from Australia; an exquisite musical box from Japan; articles in silver and cowhide from the Argentine; jewellery from Singapore; bead-work from South Africa; cowrie shells from Mauritius and embroidery from Hong Kong—all this and more came from all parts of the globe.



Helpers coping with the pile-up.

Came the day of the Fair. Someone said that the last time an Abbey Fair was held was two hundred years ago and rain washed it out. Evidently this is another piece of our precious English heritage, for once again the rains came all that day, and were rarely far away for the next three. The plastic bucket hanging up for sale outside the Toc H stall had to be emptied at regular intervals and the immemorial greensward showed a rapid tendency to revert to the swamp that it was before the Abbey was built nine centuries ago.

But the crowds came too, and no stall was busier or better stocked than ours. Usually it was crowded out and

our volunteer sales staff were on the go all the time, even more so on the last two days, when the sun began to shine. Hats off to them and to all the staff and volunteers from Toc H and the Women's Association who coped amazingly and who, though often damped were never discouraged. From the total amount raised at the Fair it is likely that the money coming to Toc H, to be shared between the men and the women, will be something like £1,000. It is certain that, given the proper means of selling the surplus goods later on, the final total will be considerably greater. We have just heard that, by kindness of the Midland Bank Limited, Mark Lane, and the London Transport Executive, we have been given the use of the premises on the corner of Byward Street and Seething Lane from August 15 - 27.

Of course, there were hundreds of friendly enquiries about Toc H and members on hand to answer them. One of them came up with what must be the most practical answer of all time. A lady who asked him, "What *is* Toc H?", found a stick of rock thrust into her hand and a cheerful invitation, "Suck it and see!".

REMEMBRANCE DAY, 1966

Once again, on Sunday, November 13, we shall be invited to take part in the Parade and Service at the Cenotaph in Whitehall. The good response of last year, with a total of over seventy, will we hope be repeated and maybe even surpassed this year. Further information will be sent in September to Branches in London and the inner Home Counties, but any Branches further afield who would like to be represented are asked to write to the General Secretary at Headquarters for details. The usual arrangements for those wanting lunch will be made. Meantime, please get the date booked in the Branch Diary and ensure good support for this annual event.

A Branch Reborn

JOHN MONTGOMERY

THIS IS THE STORY of a project which failed in its original purpose, but which proved highly successful in an unexpected way. Some might have called it a 'holy fluke' but others may be content with a more temporal explanation. I wonder what you think of it?

About eighteen months ago we found ourselves in the position known to so many Branches at some time or other in their history, when membership has declined, almost unnoticed, to a point where the continued existence of the Branch is in jeopardy. Like everyone else we talked about it, and hoped and prayed that somehow we should be presented with some new members to keep us going a little longer at least until the danger signs were seen again. Needless to say this never happened and we were left to go on with our talking about ways and means of attracting these much-needed recruits.

I suppose we should have folded up before long if some bright spark hadn't suggested that we go out and seek fresh blood through a 'door-knocking' campaign. Now I don't know how many of you have ever done door-step canvassing, but it is by no means easy for the majority of people. Some find it a trifle embarrassing, others find it quite beyond them. After all, there are so many people knocking on other people's doors these days, especially in new residential areas, that the knocker is bound to be received with a certain amount of suspicion and, maybe, hostility. However, others had tried it, according to our bright spark, some with conspicuous success, so why shouldn't we? To this there was only one answer, and we were soon committed to having a go ourselves.

We prepared our campaign carefully, and planned to attack a large housing estate on the outskirts of the town.

A week before our visits we dropped leaflets through scores of letter-boxes telling the occupants of our intended calls on them. I mention these details to show the degree of thought and preparation behind the project: this was to be no casual affair.

We followed up our leaflets with calls at the houses, telling the occupants, albeit unwilling listeners at times, the tale of Toc H and extending to them a welcome to visit us in our rooms. Now, if this story were to follow a normal pattern I should go on to report a successful outcome to our campaign. This was not to be the case. No one came to visit us and we have seen none of the people on whose doors we knocked. Obviously, we had failed most dismally, and there was a deep sense of disappointment amongst us all, for no one likes to fail.

The Turning Point

At this stage we had probably reached our lowest ebb, but it was at just this point that a remarkable change took place. Gradually and inexplicably the Branch seemed to pick itself up from the floor and a new spirit and purpose became apparent in the everyday life of the Branch and of its members. It was as though we had made a decision to leave our defensive attitude and go over to the attack. Cricket lovers will know what this means and will recall its effect on our team in the recent Test Series in Australia and of how the decision to play an attacking game won them new friends as well as unexpected victory. The same sort of thing was happening in our Branch life. Old members who had been on the point of throwing in their hand only a short time earlier now decided to give it another try; old jobs which had become dull through routine now seemed to take on a new meaning and purpose and, greatest blessing of all, other people started to notice what we were doing and wanted to come in and help.

Whilst all this was going on a further and quite unexpected development had started to gather momentum. Two young fellows who had been introduced to Toc H

through the Schools Projects now contacted us and asked for our help in the formation of a Mobile Action group in the town. Here was an exciting prospect and a challenge. The outcome has been that today we have a Mobile Action group with a nominal roll of twenty active young people (evenly divided between girls and boys) and the variety of the jobs they are tackling compares very favourably with their numbers.

We cannot claim any particular credit for the initial success of this group. The initiative was entirely theirs and from the outset they have preferred to work independently rather than under any direct control from the Branch. The encouraging thing for us is that our Branch had been revived in time to meet this challenge and, as may be imagined, our revival has been helped along by the ideas and enthusiasm of these young people.

We cannot record any dramatic increase in our own numbers: we have gained four new very active members and made many new friends of all ages, some of whom will surely commit themselves to Toc H one day. The most remarkable change has been in ourselves, for we have learnt anew that there is still a challenge in our Movement if we care to look for it, and that it is still an adventure and a happy way of life.

Now why should there have been this change in our fortunes? There may be many explanations, but I believe it was the shock of knowing we had almost reached rock-bottom which compelled us to face the problem realistically and then try to do something about it. That our plan had failed in its original purpose did not matter at all in the end, for it had helped us, without our realising it, to renew our faith in ourselves and in Toc H.

I have written this story in the hope that other Branches finding themselves in the disheartening state experienced by us not so very long ago will be encouraged to go out and do something about it, not necessarily by knocking on people's doors, but by doing something of a positive nature. The results may startle them.



TOC H STAFF CONFERENCE: This year's gathering at Westcott House, Cambridge.

STAFF CONFERENCE, 1966

THIS YEAR'S Staff Conference was held at Westcott House, Cambridge, on June 13-17. By the welcome addition of several part-time and honorary Marks and Area Padres it was the largest assembly for some years. The visiting lecturer was the Rev. J. Keir Murren of Toxteth, Liverpool, who spoke on "The Recovery of Community".

Key to the Photograph Opposite

(A.S. = Area Secretary, A.P. = Area Padre, H. = Honorary)

FRONT ROW: (left to right) J. B. MacMillan (*Western A.S.*), Rev. H. J. Hobbs (*West Mids. A.P.*), Miss J. Day (*Projects Centre*), S. G. H. Davis (*Hon. Administrator*), Col. J. A. Davies (*Central Executive*), Rev. Dr. P. B. Clayton (*Founder Padre*), Rev. J. Keir Murren (*Visiting Speaker*), J. H. M. Shaw (*N.W. & Manchester A.S.*), C. A. Cattell (*General Sec.*), G. R. Purdy (*Yorks. Areas Sec.*), Rev. P. L. Eustice (*S.Western H.A.P.*), Rev. A. G. Knight (*Administrative Padre*), C. J. Trinder (*Warden, Dor Knap*), W. A. Hill (*Warden, Loch Eil*), L. Scarfe (*Warden, Mark XXIV, Gladstone House*).

SECOND ROW: F. C. Campbell (*Public Relations Sec.*), Rev. D. Roberts (*Mark IV Padre*), Rev. R. K. Hall (*Manchester & N.Western A.P.*), T. E. Scrope-Howe (*N.W. Reg. Appeals Org.*), Rev. G. R. de Mello (*Mark Padre, Prideaux House*), R. T. Temple (*Warden, Mark XX*), K. Prideaux-Brune (*Projects Sec.*), G. Atkinson (*South Wales A.S.*), J. Callf (*Editorial Sec.*), R. C. Fabes (*Sussex & Surrey A.S.*), R. E. Peters (*Hon. Marks Commissioner*), G. A. Francis (*Kent & S.E. London A.S.*), Rev. J. I. Jones (*North Wales A.P.*), F. N. Hall (*Accountant*), C. Stevenson (*E. Mids. A.S.*), W. J. Harris (*Nottingham Sec.*), M. B. Elson (*N. London & Beds. & Herts A.S.*), A. R. Norman (*North East Field Officer*), Rev. J. L. Gingell (*N. Western A.P.*), H. Buckle (*Dep. Warden, Talbot House, So'ton*), W. F. Brooker (*Southern A.S.*).

THIRD ROW: J. E. Mitchell (*Projects Sec.*), A. E. Dudman (*Northern A.S.*), Rev. S. Edmunds (*Northern H.A.P.*), R. L. Wheatley (*Asst. Gen. Sec.*), C. Parr (*Projects, Cardiff*), Rev. J. Hull (*E. Anglia A.P.*), W. L. Gibb (*Marks Pilot*), I. Fraser (*Lakeland A.S.*), K. R. Rea (*Finance Sec.*), J. F. Jans (*E. London A.S.*), P. Downs (*Loch Eil*), R. D. Smith (*S. Western A.S.*), S. E. Allard (*Warden, Croydon Centre*), G. R. R. Martin (*Overseas Sec.*). Absent at the time: K. A. Rogers (*Appeals Director*), G. L. Lee (*W. Mids. A.S.*), C. Wintle (*Press Adviser*).

EASTER PROJECT— —LANGDALE VALLEY

ALASTAIR ATCHISON

EARLY IN DECEMBER 1965 one particular item on the notice board at my school aroused my interest. Briefly it announced an Easter 1966 Project in the Langdales, organised by a member of the Toc H Projects Team, comprising fell-walking and canoeing. I immediately applied for a place—unknown to me four other boys from another form did the same—and to our delight we were all accepted.

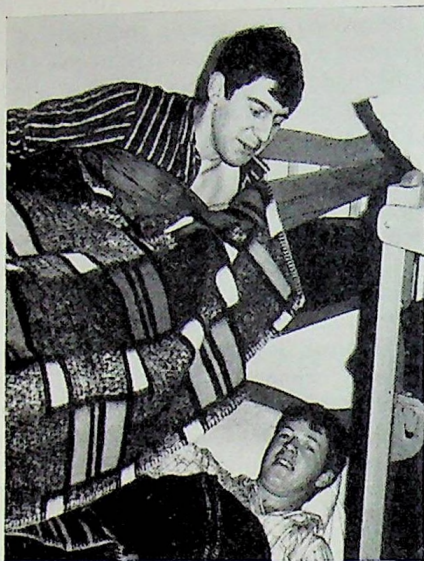
This is how I found myself, on May 1, with ten other boys from all over the country, canoeing on Lake Windermere in a sub-zero temperature with snow falling, wearing only an anorak and a pair of trunks. At that moment all I could think was that I had actually asked to experience this torture. But after a hot shower and in dry clothes it all seemed worthwhile.

The Toc H Centre at Weir Side is very comfortable, containing all the necessities for our kind of course. As soon as we arrived we had a substantial meal, everyone chipping in with its preparation. After the meal we settled down for the evening, finding out each other's name and where we had come from, and more about our surroundings. We all took part in the cooking and chores, our names being mixed up on the duty rota so that, after two days, with the encouragement of our gallant leader, Tony Norman, we started to mix freely with each other. There was Ricky from Exeter University, our second in command; Dai, nicknamed 'Blisters' because of his * * * blisters; Terry from Monmouthshire; Andy, Peter and Bob from Kent, and we Geordies bringing up the rear.

Our first hike was over to Grasmere. Although the weather was fine the ground was soaking and many of us had a wet backside when we reached our destination. Two of the group took the road back to Chapel Stile, our abode, whilst the rest of us returned over the fells. By the time we had negotiated these and the screes we wondered why we too had not taken the road.

In the following days we had a liberal share of mixed weather: you name it, we had it! In mid-week the group was split into two for fell-walking. The night before snow had fallen and by the time my party set out, with the winds that were blowing there were snowdrifts several feet deep. Quite a few times we nearly got stuck in them; one of the boys from our school actually did, so we had to haul him out—he was carrying the grub! Later, at our rendezvous point, we learned that the map reader, another school compatriot, our infamous 'Willie', had tried a 'short-cut'. Instead of following a track they had forded a river and trekked over bog-land.

The day I appreciated most was when we climbed Coniston Old Man. We split into three parties and ours climbed the Old Man by the disused slate mine route. It was a track but it was covered with numerous small slippery slate screes which had to be negotiated very carefully because of the steep terrain. We found an uncharted tarn, of a beautiful Mediterranean blue, and after a while reached the summit. Here gale force winds, with sharp pieces of ice in them, were blowing. As we crossed the frozen snow slope the winds seemed to intensify until we were practically crawling; one set of foot tracks led to an ominous ending—a two-hundred-foot drop over a precipice into the valley below. I for one was very glad to get off that ridge. But the most thrilling part of the journey was walking back along the top of Dow Craggs to the Walna Scar road. In order to remain upright one had to lean at a forty-five degree angle towards the winds coming up from the valley. At the rendezvous point we had a well-earned dinner.



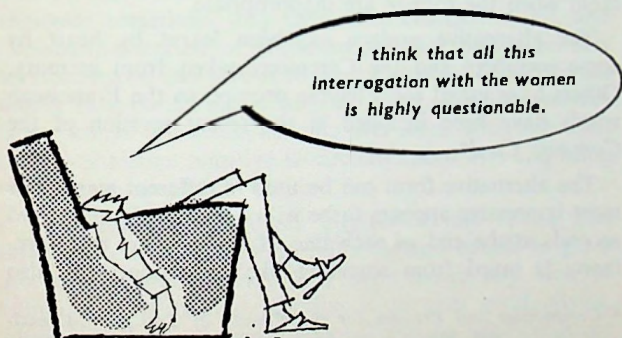
This part
of the
course is
just a lot
of bunk!

Quite soon the second party turned up and we started walking down the Walna Scar road, or should I say sheep track, to meet the third party. We were a little worried because there was no sign of them, but we found them safe and well and they then told us why they had not been able to reach the rendezvous point. In the first place Dai's blisters had given him much trouble soon after they had left the main party and then, proceeding slowly, they had taken a wrong turning. They then heard a siren and thought it was a lunch-time signal for the nearby quarry workers, sat down for lunch, but just as they were starting to eat there was a terrific explosion and the quarry face blew up. They immediately packed up and didn't stop running till they came to a 'point' in Coniston where they attempted to patch up their nerves. They then returned along the road to wait for us. So ended a day greatly enjoyed by all—except the nerve-shattered third party!

On the last day but one we took part in a hiking and canoeing trip; surprisingly no-one had the ill-fated experience of a ducking, though Peter voluntarily gave us an amusing exhibition of the object of a life-belt.

Considering the project as a whole, I have only one criticism—it didn't last long enough. It would take me too long to elaborate on the good things, but the accommodation and amenities, especially the hot showers and the equipment, were beyond reproach. It was a very enjoyable holiday and I think all who took part would unanimously agree. In conclusion I would like to say thank you on behalf of all my comrades to Tony Norman, who made the whole thing possible, not forgetting a big thank you to the many friends of Toc H in the Lake District and elsewhere who contributed both physically and financially to complete such a wonderful building for us and for the many others who will take part in future projects.

Ernie says:



Light to Guide Us

The Alternative Form of the Ceremony of Light

BOB KNIGHT

THE ALTERNATIVE FORM of words for the Ceremony has now been in use for over a year. It is too early to say whether it is going to be generally accepted but the number of Branches and members who appreciate these words of St. Francis makes it clear that the experiment should continue.

In this alternative form what has been changed and what remains the same? The Lamp stays, and light is still the symbol. Remembrance and rededication continue, and the words for the act of rededication are those we have always used. There is time for silence which is for many the binding experience of the Ceremony.

The only change is in what might be called 'the preface'. This was all that the 1962 referendum asked for. It has not been decided that Binyon's words shall never again be used, only that alternative words may replace them when the former are inappropriate.

The alternative preface has been learnt by heart by some members and the Ceremony taken from memory. Others have asked for a legible prompt, so the Franciscan words have been included in the recent revision of the *Compass Card**.

The alternative form can be used in different ways. The most impressive appears to be with a pause of one or two seconds at the end of each line. If this is done the Ceremony is saved from sounding like a catalogue. It also

* *Ceremonies and Prayers for the Family of Toc H*: 3d. each or 2s. 6d. per dozen, from Area Staff or Toc H Publications Dept.

gives opportunity for reflection on what is being said; a particular situation can be recalled in which one or other of the lines is relevant. We may be urgently aware of someone's doubt and know that our faith is important to him. Or of someone who has been hurt by an unkind or thoughtless comment where our attitude might help to keep him free from resentment. The one minute's silence before the rededication remains important even when pauses are also made at the end of each line.

It is generally agreed that the introduction "Let us give thanks for the life (lives) of . . ." is uninspiring. We need a more imaginative beginning. The original Ceremony grew slowly, so we should be prepared for improvement to the second.

Some have complained that the Franciscan words are too like a prayer for use in the Ceremony of Light. The original prayer form was altered to keep the Ceremony distinct from home-going prayers. Undoubtedly these words of St. Francis have survived for several centuries because they go to the root of human experience. They are thus a bond, in the same way that the words of Binyon were a bond to the earliest members of Toc H, because they went to the root of their common experience.

We discover in the way of life that we try to lead in Toc H that some unhappy situations cannot quickly be changed; sometimes they cannot be changed at all, and explanation, excuse or argument will not help. The best service anyone can give is to be the channel of a different mood. In a family hit by tragedy, with an understandably heavy weight of sadness hanging over them, what is needed most is someone sensitive to circumstances who can bring a longer perspective.

The resentment of a lad, illegitimate and having had little or no family life, out of Borstal and unable to get a job, can amount to hatred of everyone in any kind of authority. Our natural reaction is to give good advice, which usually leads to argument. What he needs is to be accepted for himself, "warts and all". The machinery of

the welfare state, after-care, the labour exchange, national assistance, can be tolerated only if there is in addition someone who cares, someone who is not an official.

In an age when it is fashionable to analyse our own and others' experience this alternative preface to our Ceremony of Light will remind us that action in a different spirit is often more valuable than any other kind, and is sometimes all that is required. When this different spirit comes into the situation it can be as great a contrast as is light to darkness. A flicker of light is sufficient to dispel darkness. St. John pointed out with great simplicity in the first chapter of his Gospel that darkness can never overcome light. Of this St. Francis will remind us regularly. In our jobmastery, in the personal encounter with other people which service brings, we may find that we have unconsciously introduced a different spirit as well as relieved a practical need.

The suggestion from Alan Paton and Don McKenzie that we adopt these words as an alternative offers another link to add to the many we already have with the Franciscans. Stephen Lambert, a former member of the staff, left us to join the Order, and the links of friendship with him are kept strong. Tubby was one of the last to visit Brother Douglas, who founded the Anglican Community of St. Francis which, like Toc H, is a movement of this century. Toc H, is not, of course, becoming an appendage of the Franciscans but our society does need men and women who are prepared to demonstrate personal values which contrast as greatly with the norm as does the threefold vow of poverty, chastity and obedience. I suspect that a similar vow for those who live an urban family life would have a wide appeal.

All this and more is to be found in the words of St. Francis. As their use spreads, more and more members will come to see their significance and will teach us what they see. So let us continue the experiment, using on occasion this alternative preface to the Ceremony which remains the bond between all Toc H around the world.

Toc H Christmas Cards

Two designs have been prepared for this year and supplies are now ready for mailing to overseas friends. Each design, complete with envelopes, 6s. 0d. per dozen, plus postage and packing (1s. 0d. for up to 2 dozen cards, 1s. 6d. over 2 dozen.)

CARD 'A'—A crested card, with the Lamp design die-stamped in gold on magenta octagon and greeting inside. Size 4" × 5½".

CARD 'B'—"Madonna with Child and Angels", blue on white, from an original design by Elizabeth Twistington Higgins. Published jointly by Toc H and Toc H Women's Association. Size 4" × 5".



"Madonna with Child and Angels"

Toc H Diaries

The 1967 edition of the Toc H Diary is now available. In a nutshell of 36 pages it condenses the essentials of Toc H and Toc H Women's Association, past and present, including **Regional and Area Addresses, Ceremonies, Prayers, Training Centres, School and other Youth Activities, Financial Facts, etc.** It also includes four pictorial pages and a sixteen-page **Map Supplement** of the United Kingdom and Eire. Indispensable to all members, men and women. 4s. 6d. or with pencil 5s., post free.

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